

P

DRAWER 28

POETS

71. 2009.025. 25500

Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with P

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

WHERE LINCOLN LIVED.

High above the streets with thronging cars,
Lincoln's house, dramatic, white, serene:
Enter, and eighty years now drop their bars;
Life in the fifties, formal, plain, is seen.

Parlors; whatnot, drapes, old chairs and chests,
Pier-glass that held young Mary Todd as bride;
Dining-room with china, glass, her best;
Portraits that reflect a family pride.

Rockers stand in the pleasant sitting-room
Where the family circle gathered each day,
Little dreaming their father's tragic doom—
Robert, Tad, and Willie, young and gay.

More impressive far than monument;
Grand memorial, this simple shrine.
Here we see great Lincoln at home, unbent,
Find him, as ever, modest, noble, fine.

Anna Shattuck Palmer.

For The Inter Ocean.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[On Seeing His Statue in Lincoln Park.]

BY ELIZA ALLISON PARK.

From the vantage ground of thy most noble purpose

Thou led'st us safely o'er the arid plain
Of effort, till in full fruition we have gained
The pinnacle of all thou had'st us strive for.
O'er freedom's realm methinks thy bronze eyes beamWith holy love and pride in all thou see'st.
For did'st thou not upturn the fallow soil and plantThe fertile seed whose perfect fruit is here?
And in thy resting place methinks thou hear'st
At eventide and morning sweet, the song of birds,The laugh of children sporting at thy feet,
The sounds that tell of progress and of toil;
And all the voices that doth cleave the air
Around thy resting place are sweet to thee.
Again methinks thou lendest thine to swell
The voice of praise, the songs of righteous joy,
That stir the world's great pulse to life,
And breathe a benediction and a prayer
On these thy children, whose fond hearts doth holdIn sacred love thy memory and thy worth.
Great nature spreads old ocean's counterpart,
To sing thy praise in giant mighty tones.
The waves lift up their lofty heads to join
The chorus, and proclaim "America is free,"
And such as Lincoln made her free, and gave
To freedom grander, nobler, more heroic mold;
Like sentinels, upon the shores of time they stoodAnd waved proud Freedom's flag, and urged her on
To deeds of valor, and to death if need there be.
Of these, her noble sons, who fought for all her
valiant cause.He lived to smile upon her, lifted from the dust
Of slavery, and living still, he greets her worth,
And smiles upon her courage and her strength.
Great mind! great heart! thy children still at-
testThy noble worth, and shrine thy fame within
their grateful hearts.

Chicago, February, 1895.

Another poem dedicated to
Nancy Hanks which is frequently
reprinted was written by Kate
McVey Park and first appeared
in the Christian Advocate. It is:

MOTHER OF LINCOLN

Mother of Lincoln, in thy lonely sleep
Rest thou content with what thy brief
life wrought;
Rest, for no longer need'st thou vainly
weep
Bereft of fortune and to sorrow
brought.
What though strange yearnings filled thy
hungering soul
In the blind struggle of those years
forlorn;
Fate hath revealed the glory of thy goal,
For what immortal purpose thou wert
born;
Rest, though men honor not thy lonely
grave,
Content to know no tribute of thine
own.
Hand-maid of Destiny, to whom ye gave
Flesh of thy flesh and bone of thine
own bone,
Would that thy silent lips could tell us
when
This needy earth shall know thy like
again!



CONCERNING LINCOLN



CONCERNING LINCOLN

I WALKED TODAY BENEATH THE DOME
THAT CROWNS OUR GLORIOUS NATIONS CAPITOL
THE SYMBOL OF A MIGHTY PEOPLE'S HOME
WHOM COMMON TRIALS HAVE MADE COMPATIBLE
I THOUGHT OF HIM, WHO UNDER STRESS OF CIVIL WAR,
IN SPIKE OF BATTLES AWFUL STRAIN,
HAD RAISED IT THERE LIKE MORNING STAR,
TO FORGE STRONG LINKS IN UNION'S CHAIN
HE WHO HELD, THAT A NATIONS STRENGTH AND POWER
THO SAPPED AND DRAINED IN BLOOD AND TEARS
MUST MEET THE CHALLENGE OF EACH CRUCIAL HOUR
BY BUILDING STRONG IN FAITH, THUS ROUTING FEARS.

FAITH IN THE INSEPERABLE UNION OF STATES,
BORN IN ADVERSITY, AND OUT OF STRIFE.
FAITH THAT RIGHT MAKES MIGHT, AND SO CREATES.
A COMMON RULE TO GOVERN LIFE
"A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CANNOT STAND.
THUS NATION CANNOT REMAIN HALF SLAVE AND HALF FREE"
UPON THIS PREMISE, LINCOLN TOOK COMMAND
AND STEERED A COURSE O'ER ROUGH AND TROUBLED SEA.
A COURSE UNSWERVING, ONE PORT ITS GOAL
A LONG, WEARY, ANXIOUS, BLOODY HAUL.
TESTING VALIANT CHIEF IN MUSCLE, NERVE, AND SOUL
ENDING IN SUCCESS, WITH COVERING OF SHROUD AND PALL.



I STOOD TODAY WHERE LINCOLN DIED,
MID THROBBING HUM OF WASHINGTON;
A SACRIFICE TO GREED AND PRIDE
THAT MAN MAY RISE FROM MARTYRDOM.
A CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP OF STATE,
MOST CAPABLE, BRAVE AND TALL,
WAS DROPPED BY CRUEL HAND OF FATE,
AND LIMPLY CARRIED THRU YON HALL.
THE PEACE I STOOD WAS SILENT NOW
THE ROOM WAS MUTE AND STILL
YET SOUND OF SOB AND SPOKEN VOW.
SEEMED ECHOING MEMORIES COLD AND CHILL.
I LOOKED TODAY AT MARBLED THRONE
WHERE GREAT LINCOLN SITS IN MARBLE WROUGHT
MAJESTIC THERE IN MARBLED CHAIR, ALONE;
HIS BENEDICTION, BY MILLIONS SOUGHT.
AN AWSOME AIR OF SACREDNESS,
HUNG LIKE A HALO O'ER IT ALL.
IMMORTIAL WORDS ON WALLS IMPRESS
BEHOLDER, WITH FEELINGS THAT ENTHROLL.
I SENSED THE THRILLING PRESENCE THERE OF ONE,
WHO HAD PASSED THRU ALL PORTALS:
WHO IN FIRMNESS FOR THE RIGHT VICTORY HAD WON,
RESPECT, AND ESTEEM, OF ALL MORTALS.

RALPH PARKE

(Concerning Lincoln)

Evening today beneath the dome
That crowns our glorious nations Capitol
The symbol of a mighty people's home
Whom common trials have made compatible.
I thought of him, who under stress of civil war,
In spite of battles awful strain,
Had raised it there like morning star,
To forge again strong links in Union's chain;
He who held, that a nation's strength and power
The sapped and drained in blood and tears
Must meet the challenge of each crucial hour
By building ^{strong} in faith, thus routing fears.

Faith in the inseparable union of states,
Born in adversity, and out of strife.
Faith that right makes right, and so creates,
A common rule to govern life.
"A house divided against itself cannot stand."
Thus nation cannot remain half slave and half free"
Upon this premise, Lincoln took command.
And steered a course o'er rough and troubled sea.
A course unswerving, on for its goal
A long, weary, anxious, bloody haul.
Testing ~~valiant~~ ^{valiant} chief in muscle, nerve, and soul
Ending in success, with covering of strand and gale.

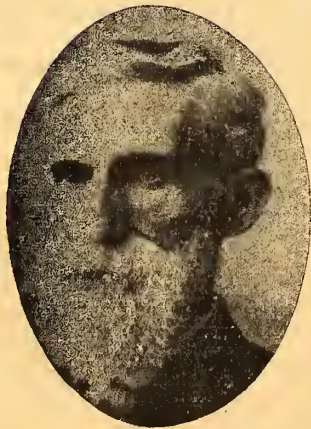
Impressions in Washington

I stood today where Lincoln died,
Mid throbbing ruin of Washington;
A sacrifice to greed and pride
That man may rise from martyrdom.
A captain of the Ship of State,
Most capable, ~~strong~~ ^{brave} and tall,
Was dropped by cruel hand of fate,
And limply carried thence yon hall.

The place I stood is now silent now
The room was mute and still
Yet sound of sob and spoken vow,
Deemed echoing memories cold and still.

I ~~looked~~ ^{looked} today ~~at~~ ^{at} marbled ~~throne~~ ^{throne}
Where great Lincoln sits in marble wrought
Majestic there in marbled chair, alone;
His benediction, by millions sought.
An awesome air of sacredness,
Hung like a halo o'er the ~~throne~~ it all.
Immortal words on walls impress
Beholder, with feelings that enthrall.
I sensed the ^{thrilling} presence there of one, —
Who had passed thru all portals;
Who in ~~triumph~~ ^{triumph} and victory had won,
The respect, and esteem, of all mortals.
Ralph Parke

FRIDAY, FEB. 16

Editorial

BENJ. S. PARKER WHO WAS
FIRST TO PROPHECY THE
GREATNESS AND IMMORTAL-
ITY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN

Indianapolis, April 30, A. D. 1865

The voice is hushed, the heart is
still,

No light is in the earnest eye
That lately looked on war's wide ill
And wept where fallen horses lie.

We kindle brightly to thy praise,
We melt in sorrow at thy bier,
And wonder, in the boundless days,
When God shall every truth in-
sphere.

face.

From this dear sacrifice we learn
The future's full reality,
How freedom's flame shall mount
and burn
Above the tomb of slavery.

How age on age shall pile its weight
Yet through the twilight dim and
far,
Among the wise and good and great
Shall Lincoln shine, a morning
star.

The useless lash, the broken chain.
Black swarms if traffic turned to
men.
War fruiting with eternal gain,
That ripens into peace again:

These glorify the places where
Thy paths have been, O true and
brave!
And these inspire the prairie air
To sing its rest above thy grave.

Rest! patriot, martyr, saviour,
friend,
Defender of the poor and weak!
Thy glory shall not have an end
While history has a voice to speak
—BENJ. S. PARKER

In worlds all wisdom, all delight,
What crowns thy spirit brow shall
wear,
When, past the terror and the
night,
Thou soarest into morning there.

O choral lips of love and song!—
The world's harmonic multitude
That through the ages dim and long
Have prophesied the coming good

Philosopher and saint and seer,
Of every age and race and clime—
Behold, the promised days are near
Auroral on the hills of time.

We read the blessed morrow's sign,
That comes to hallow every place,
In every feature, every line
Of that upturned and calmest

LINCOLN

man with New Republican
 Lean child of the rugged hills, ^{2/10/33}
 Warmed by the auroral flame;
 Thine is a hist'ry that fills
 And thrills the loud trump of
 fame!
 Swart wielder of axe and maul,
 Companion of toil and care;
 O, never at duty's call,
 Was a heart more brave to bear—
 More tender to pain, more sure
 To hold to the deathless right
 And calumny's shafts endure
 For sake of the hoped-for light,
 Than thine, I prophet-soul, that
 held in fee
 The truth that is, the greater
 truth to be.

By the cabin's hearth of clay,
 Bent over the sentient page,
 By the wood-fire's fitful ray,
 From the hero and the sage,
 Safe into thy inmost thought
 Absorbing the things most wise
 By Grecian and Roman taught,
 Men see thee, in humble guise,—
 A boy with the morning glow
 Of genius on thy face,—
 A light for the world to know
 Through time's far-reaching
 space—
 A light, a torch, a flame of living
 fire
 To lead the way wherever souls
 aspire.

Once scoff of the worldly wise
 Who sneered at thy honest fame,
 And with anger-flashing eyes.
 Announced it the country's shame
 That the people thronged to thee
 As their chosen, leader, friend
 Whose vision was clear to see
 And who would not break nor
 bend.

Though the nation's weight of sin
 Should upon thy shoulders fall
 Through the gathering wrath and
 din
 Of Bellona's carnival.
 When mummers and maskers
 should rend the flag
 And tread it in dust, a dishonor-
 ed rag.

Then, with thy hand on the wheel.
 And the world's hope in thy hand,
 With sensitive nerves to feel
 Each throb of pain in the land.
 Quick to the sorrowing's cry
 Yet firm as the basic rock
 To the war waves roaring by

And the battle's awful shock;
 What a strong god's task was thine,
 With brother at brother's throat,
 To keep, through the strength di-
 vine.
 The brave ship of state afloat
 On the sea of nations, where she
 alone
 Carried Freedom's flag to the
 breezes thrown.

The flag of liberty, stained
 By blood of the driven thrall
 That one ev'ry new star gained
 Let its festering shadow fall,
 As a cloud that dripped down gore,
 Polluting the land and sea
 And presaging evermore
 The vict'ry of savagry;
 Should the freeman hunt the slave,
 As the serf of remorseless ill.
 Or the nation find its grave
 Through the loss of its manly
 will?
 Right won in the forum but passion
 brought
 The crush of battle from the clash
 of thought.

And the wild war thundered on
 And the union's hope seemed vain
 Till thy hand was laid upon
 The source of that fetid stain:
 The strokes of thy prophet pen
 That made the millions free
 And cleansed "Old Glory" then
 For the millions yet to be.
 All glowing with fadeless light.
 Deep into the darkness hurled
 To banish the reign of night
 From the empire of the world
 Appealed to the nobler soul of the
 race.
 And the army moved with a con-
 qu'ror's pace.

In sorrow and not in wrath
 Did thine eyes survey the woe—
 War's horrors and aftermath,
 In anguish of friend and foe—
 For thou hadst the Masters art
 To bring to the fainting cheer,
 To place the breaking heart,
 Or quiet the captive's fear,
 To free the fond mother's boy
 From a death of ignoble pain;
 Turn bitterness into joy
 And defeat into future gain,
 And thy opportune humor's gentle
 play
 Was sunshine and cheer for the
 darkest day.

And then with the end in sight—
 With the dawn's white glow of
 peace

Enlarging to fuller light

With promise of swift increase,
 As the war clouds rolled apart—
 Thy thoughts with forgiveness
 filled

And thy sympathetic heart

By the fatal shot were stilled,
 The people bowed down in tears

And the night consumed the day,
 But yet through the testing years

Man yields to thy spirit's sway
 Death claimed thee ere all thy work
 was done,

But thy star was risen, thy glory
 won.

Oh, Martyr! yet more than King,
 Forgive us our feeble words
 And the fading wreaths we bring.

When voices of free, wild birds,
 The breeze and the prairie flowers,
 Bear thee, in thy western tomb.

Love's tributes exceeding ours,—
 Perennials of song and bloom:
 Forgive us if we forget,

When our brooding ills provoke,
 The pattern thy patience set,
 Or shackles thy brave hands
 broke.

But forgive us not if our haughty
 pride
 Has the righteous plea of the
 weak denied.

God keepeth His universe
 And brings the man and the hour
 To strangle each haunting curse

And banish its evil power
 And each new crisis finds
 Its hero of lofty soul

With the strength of myriad minds
 To lead, to redeem, console;
 But, bearers of hope and light,
 No two are alike, nor cast.

From shadows of ancient might,
 In molds of an out-grown past;
 Fame knows but one Lincoln, He
 stands alone—

The boy from the cabin, our
 loved, our own.

—BENJ. S. PARKER

MASSA LINKUM'S BOY.

BY H. PARKER.

Dar's a new song floatin' 'roun,
De darkies all am singin;
It's rustlin froo de cotton fiels,
An in de canebrakes ringin.
De white folks all am lisinin
To hear de chorus flyin,
Wile all de darkies young an ole,
Wid happy tears am cryin!

Chorus.

Dat new song! De bestest song!
Fills dis darkie's heart wid joy.
We'se gwine to hab for Presumdent
Ole Massa Linkum's boy.

When Massa Linkum leff us,
He leff Massa Robert stay.
Leff de boy dat he mite help us,
An he's nebber gwine away.
Befo Massa Linkum leff us
He sot ebry darkie free,
Gib us back our wives and chillen,
Made de darkies jubilee!

Chorus.

Massa Robert peert and chipper,
Wid his fadder's common sens,
Neber slop de kittle ober,
Neber straddle on de fens!
Massa Robert, like his fadder,
Gwine to reach de White House too!
And his chillen like *his* chillen
Will romp de White House froo!

Chorus.

Massa Linkum's chile and chillen!
Lord! let dis pore darkie lib
'Till his eyes hab seen de glory
Dat his fadder died to gib!
Massa Linkum np in glory!
Lor! *don* you see him smile,
When he hears us darkies singin,
Sees us votin for his chile!

Chorus.

Sode canebrakes wid de music,
Shall echo night and mohn.
And de cotton blows will rastle
Wid de tassels on de cohn.
And de mockbird in de hedges,
Anser back de darkies joy.
An de jubilee foreber
Come wid Massa Linkum's boy!

Chorus.

De new song! De bestest song!
Fills dis darkie's heart wid joy.
We's gwine to hab for Presumdent
Ole Massa Linkum's boy!

Appleton, Wis.

APOSTROPHE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



With hair disordered and unkempt,
With looks and dress severely plain;
From any charge of style exempt,
Shall we e'er see thy like again?

Walked ye among thy fellow-men
With awkward and ungainly gait,
Thou wast in looks most glorious, when
Holding so firm the helm of state.

Tho' long and large thy bony hand,
It penned the edict grand, that gave
Freedom to all throughout the land,
Struck every fetter from the slave.

No love had ye for courts and kings,
For emptiness and show combined,
But sought the excellence that springs
From grander domain of the mind.

Out with the tide of hurrying years
Forgotten names go rushing by;
Brighter and brighter thine appears—
One of the few "not born to die."

With well-nigh woman's tenderness,
Honest and simple as a child,
Thy memory this day we bless,
Our hearts with love for thee beguil'd.

Tho' granite shaft should pierce the sky,
More fitting monument shall be
The love and veneration high
In which our hearts are holding thee.

—Samuel Parker.

The Barnard Statue

Carl Chester Ginnards 2-12-20

Patri, Angelo

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In America in eighteen hundred and nine, a prince of the People was born. Swiftly through the night the spirit of America traveled bearing him gifts.

"I shall give him the height and serenity of my mountains. He will tower **above** all men. They will see him and know him.

"Into his arms I shall put the sinewy strength of the branches of the trees of the forest. They will be gentle enough to cradle a child and strong enough to crush a giant.

"His eyes will see me always in a vision and he will follow my call.

"I shall give him the heart of a people. It will beat true to theirs.

"I shall bestow upon him the gift of simplicity. He will think directly, speak clearly, live simply. The people will know him and understand that they are pilgrims of this earth fulfilling the destiny of their race.

"I shall endow him with faith. He will love all people, believe in all people. His faith in them will renew their faith in themselves and they shall be redeemed.

"I shall give him the wisdom of Time that has formed me, for I, the Spirit of America, am as old as the world and as young as this baby.

"Into his soul I shall pour the gold in its purity and iron in its strength. He will stand as a Man in the day of his trial.

"A glorious task I lay upon this child. He shall teach the brotherhood of man. He shall hold fast to the faith of the Fathers. He shall live for me, triumphantly die for me."

So, Lincoln lived; so Lincoln died, true to the Spirit of America. He was brother to the slave in the market place. His heart went out to the soldier wearied on the march. He understood when others could not understand.

He lived out the vision of America, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

He is our ideal of an American, "Brother to all the World."

From "The Spirit of America" by Angelo Patri.

Published by The American Viewpoint Society, Inc., New York. 1925.
The Plimpton Press - Norwood, Mass.

An Ode in Memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In our national capital stands
The finest memorial in all our lands!

Upon its door let us place a wreath
In memory of a hero's life and death

. . . a youth of pride and pluck
Born in the bluegrass of Old Kentuck

In a crude cabin of logs
Built with wood from soft, marshy bogs

. . . and how he split the rail
And blazed a wilderness trail

In a territory devoid of wealth
In spite of cunning Indian stealth!

Instead of blasphemy and blame
Let us reprint and praise his name

Whose face is seen on South Dakota hills
High above roads, rocks, and rills!

Let us tell the story
Of his greatness and his glory

From the Lands of Lincoln Lore
To the ocean's golden shore!

By (Miss) Pauline Patterson
L Building
Station L
Washington, D. C.

Written January 12
1958

January 28, 1950 1951

President
Lincoln Life Insurance Co
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Sir

I have been reading with interest
your advertisement of February 16,
1950, in the Saturday Evening Post,
in fact, it is a part of my personal
collection of Lincoln Lane.

As you have pointed out his
name, I assume that your com-
pany was named in his memory.

I am enclosing an ode that
I wrote a few days ago, wondering
if you could use a part or the
entire poem in your advertising.

Best wishes

Yours very sincerely
(Miss) Pauline Patterson
address typed on the
front page.

Third edition
of the poem

I'll appreciate
any comments.

Send copy
of RT Lincoln
letter &
sample of
Lincoln booklet,
facsimile.
Invite to visit
Foundation

Patterson, Pauline

In Memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In our national capital stand
The finest memorials in our land.

More interesting than the Colesseum
Is the Washington Lincoln Museum.

With associations closely tied
The House Where Lincoln Died

In which he made his last retreat
Is a building across the street.

The street car upon which he had to embark
To take a joy trip is marked Lincoln Park.

In the Congressional Library are records
of the burdens that he bore;
In the Smithsonian Institution, the clothing
that he wore.

Many contributions are made to his fame,
For many organizations bear his name.

Placed in the very first rank
Is the Lincoln National Bank.

In a sanctuary where all may view
His name is inscribed on his favorite pew.

His name appears in several schools
Where instructors teach rimes and rules.

Fourth Edition, Part I
By (Miss) Pauline Patterson
L Building, January 30, 1958

February 5, 1958

Mr. John P. White
Advertising Manager
The Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

My dear Mr. White

I appreciate very much your letter of January 31, 1958, acknowledging my poem in memory of Abraham Lincoln. I am submitting another section of the poem, Part I, Fourth Edition, which I hope that you will like. I hope to add a few additional lines sometime, perhaps enough for Part III.

I shall look forward to reading the materials that you sent me more closely. Your information concerning the Lincoln Foundation increases my intelligence upon the subject of Lincoln Lore. I hope that I shall be able to visit it in the future.

Are souvenirs sold there? If so, do you not think that the poem could be used in that way? A section could be used to make special note paper, as I am demonstrating with a typewriter now. It could furnish ideas for souvenir post cards, greeting cards, leaflets, booklets, etc.

Best wishes for the approaching celebration of his birth.

Yours very sincerely

(Miss) Pauline Patterson
Pauline Patterson

In one national capital stands
The finest memorial in all our lands!

Upon its door let us place a wreath
In memory of a hero's life and death

... a youth of pride and pluck
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From the Lands of Lincoln Lore
To the ocean's golden shore!

Written January 12, 1958.

KEYNOTE OF CHARACTER

"Years before Abraham Lincoln was called to the Presidency he knew the country could not continue half-slave and half-free. It was written in the stars, it must be all free or all slave." "The contest was inevitable" and all through the terrible struggle "Lincoln was loyal to the thought of the supremacy of the United States," which he believed should be "the first and last duty of every American citizen, higher than personal consideration and superior to sectional considerations."

"Abraham Lincoln was as patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were deeply graven upon his tragic face." "He was a heroic figure in a heroic epoch." "He was dismayed at nothing" and "was never diverted from the path of duty." "Neither was he appalled by disaster nor elated by success," but "displayed courage in danger, fortitude in adversity and faith in the future." "He had the quality of character that inspired confidence in the time of a crisis" and he impressed the world "as a man of fine fiber," possessing "a brain of superior power" supplemented by "boundless patience" and "broadest sympathies." "He was the most generous and magnanimous of men, devoid of self-esteem" and "his advice was always wise, judicious and timely."

Abraham Lincoln "had many admirable qualities, but the greatest thing was that he succeeded." "The Declaration of Independence is the genesis of American Liberty, but the gospel of its New Testament was written by Abraham Lincoln in the Emancipation Proclamation." "The Civil War ended under his rule" and "nothing in history compares with his achievement in putting down a rebellion where 12,000,000 people fought to the death for their ideals." "He attained results because he believed eternal justice demanded them."

Abraham Lincoln "had a compre-

sion Proclamation."

Abraham Lincoln "stands alone."

Abraham Lincoln was "the greatest man of his time."

Abraham Lincoln "was especially approved by God for the work He gave him to do."

"The life of Abraham Lincoln stands transfigured by his deeds."

LINCOLN

There have been ten thousand Lincolns

In the generations gone,
Brave, tenacious, wise, sagacious;
But the world knows only one.
They who dwelt in courts of splendor

Or in sheltered homes of peace,
Could not signal service render,
Fame and honor to increase.
But this rough-and-ready giant,
With no seeming hope or chance,
Conquered obstacles defiant
And achieved world eminence.

Great orations by the scholars,
Endless books to illustrate,
Wasted energies and dollars
Could not save the reeling state.
But this one man, strong and honest,

With a great, unselfish heart,
With prevision and decision,
Grandly played a savior's part.
As he tow'ed above his fellows,
So his wisdom tow'ed above
All the horrors and the terrors,
And revealed the pow'r of love.

When the forests have been lumbered
One huge sentinel remains;
When our famous men are numbered

First is Lincoln of the plains.
Such a crisis, such conditions,
Never will repeated be;
There are seldom repetitions
In the realm of destiny.
There may be ten thousand Lincolns

As the nation's work is done,
Organizing and revising;
Still the world will know but one.

FRED W. PEARSON.

LINCOLN

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One huge sentinel remains;
When our famous men are numbered

First is Lincoln of the plains.
Such a crisis, such conditions,
Never will repeated be;
There are seldom repetitions
In the realm of destiny.
There may be ten thousand Lincolns

As the nation's work is done,
Organizing and revising;
Still the world will know but one.

FRED W. PEARSON.

Peck, Theodora Agnes

Burlington Free Press
February 12, 1958

Verse

The Martyr

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865

At the request of Queen Victoria a wreath of Passion flowers was laid upon the grave of Abraham Lincoln.

The passion flowers were laid upon your grave
At the request of England's greatest Queen,
O martyred President, who strove to save
Your country from war's anguish, dire and keen.

You wore the crown of thorns,
you drank the gall,
You felt the spear-thrust of each dark defeat,
In war's Gethsemane, bereft of all,
You knew the agony of drear retreat.

You donned the scarlet robe of mocking scorn,
You walked the way of sorrows by His side.
Your heart was broken with the hearts that mourn,
You bore the image of the Crucified.

You must have felt, with bitter inward moan,
The nails of malice, driven in by fate.
Yours was a cross—a cross, but not a throne,
Only in death they chose to call you great.

And if your dying lips were heard to say:
"Father, forgive them" at the last, why, then,
Eternity would narrow to a day,
And Jesus walk once more the ways of men.

But now the ages echo with your name,
Your soul is with us in our darkest hours,
And to your likeness in the place of fame*
We bring you passion flowers,

*The Lincoln Memorial
THEODORA AGNES PECK
Burlington, Vt.

Peel, Arthur J.

The Lincoln Memorial

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

Foursquare it stands;
A pure white monument, apart—
the last of one long famous line
from Capitol to Potomac's shaded
shores.

Within, a giant figure of hewn stone:
Antæus? Nay, for great in spirit is he
whose effigy commands the silent hall,
where, from the stones, his burning
message cries.

Rather a rugged Colossus! who
bridges seas,
and holds aloft a beacon clear
that men may see
the meaning of those ancient words,—
Unity and Liberty!

Arthur J. Peel.

Philosopher of Folly's Column

Cleveland Plain Dealer
Beginning of Cleveland's
Street Cars as Seen
2-12-40

by Ted Robinson

Pe Kok on Lincoln's Birthday

There have been men
Who arose to great fame
Through a self-centered effort;
But there has never been a man
Who attained greatness
Who did not know in his heart
That his life belonged to his race,
And that his gifts were not for his
benefit
But for that of mankind.
The great men of earth
Are the priests of its religion,
And the martyrs of its faith.
Men do not attain greatness
By seeking it;
They find it
While seeking truth and justice.
Subtract from a famous man
All that he owes to chance,
To the wisdom of his friends,
To the folly of his enemies—
Does he still retain his stature?
Then he is truly great.

— Were the Days!

Note-Ables

The pictures of the famous men
Which grace our currency
Are really rather interesting,
Just look at them and see.

George Washington, our honored first,
Of whom we justly boast,
Is on the "buck" or dollar bill—
The one we use the most.

Ben Franklin's on the century—
No diplomat was finer—
While on the two is Jefferson,
A Declaration signer.

Abe Lincoln graces every five,
A portrait fair and true;
The twenty features Jackson, or
"Old Hickory" to you.

But Hamilton's the glamour boy
Of all these topnotch men,
And if you aren't too broke today,
You'll find him on your ten.

Ch. J. Pennock —Virginia Pennock

* * 8-1-40

Lincoln: Man of Sorrows

BY WALTER S. PERCY

The Saviour of his country—tribute calls
The martyr of its cause—and well it names
The Great Emancipator. Lo, a nation falls
In reverent love before him, lesser fames
Penumbraed for the hour, while its halls
Unveil his bust which his renown proclaims!

The Man of Sorrows and acquaint with grief,
We hid our faces from him till his heart
Bled with the passion of its great belief
In liberty's divinity—his part
To be his country's liberator, chief
And patriot-friend without pretence's art.

The chastisement of our peace he bore
That by his stripes a people might be healed;
The thorns of suffering on his brow he wore
And reconciliation by them sealed;
The patriot-passion he was martyred for
His greatness and forgiving heart revealed.

He opened not his mouth when foes reviled
But blessed for cursing, loved the more for hate
And out of War's Gethsemane he smiled
The courage of his soul to conquer fate;
A something-of-an-angel in a child,
A man of men imperishably great!

Perigo, Irvin E.

To Abraham Lincoln "O man, who bore the burdens of his land"

At the 1933 meeting of the Boonville Press club, Irvin E. Perigo of Boonville read two of his original poems, which are as follows:

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

O man, who bore the burdens of his land;
O man, so dearly loved from strand to strand;
O man, who praised his mother well and true,
We truly come to honor her and you.
And for this mother that you loved so well,
Our tributes here we bring, and 'neath the spell
Of holiness and peace, we link as one,
The work of perfect motherhood and son.
Whatever we may do; whate'er we say,
No tribute we might bring could e'er repay
The wondrous debt we owe to both you—
We only come to prove our love is true.
Let songs be sung and starry flags unfurled
To honor her who gave unto the world
A mighty son; a nation's guiding light,
Through troubles night, into a morning fair and bright.

—Irvin E. Perigo.

Perigo, Irvin E.

For Lincoln's Sake

"When we think of sainted mothers, and
their loving spirits mild,"

FOR LINCOLN'S SAKE

When we think of sainted mothers, and their loving spirits mild,
There comes to us a picture of Mary and her Child;
And safe in our affections is Lincoln's mother, too,
Who gave to us a leader so noble, brave and true.

With grateful hearts we gather to meekly honor thee—
Thou mother of a leader, who stood for liberty.
Ah well for us! thy spirit was glorified and bright
Within thy son—our captain—and led him on aright.

For all his noble actions he gave to thee the praise;
For him in loving memory, this earnest song we raise:
Live on! Live on! A blessed mother, mine!

Full well I know thy goodness and thy worth,
And when He calls thee to thy home divine,
Oh, may the charm of love descend to earth
As did the prophet's mantle, long ago,

And in some worthy soul dwell richly there;
To gleam again in all its fairy glow
And shed its joy and sweetness through the air!

So the spirit of the Lincoln's pervades this holy place,
And brings us, humbly, nearer the Saviour's loving grace,
And long as memory lingers we'll come to honor here,
This gentle, loving mother that Lincoln held so dear.

—Irvin E. Perigo.

—†—
LINCOLN IN WAR TIME.

Between his laughter and his tears,
Standing like an oak of Illinois,
He bastioned a nation in its fears,
Comforting a mother weeping for her boy.

He labored within a nation's law,
Craving no powers above the state,
Holding the republic's history in awe,
Lamenting a people's fratricidal hate.

His ear was over the country's heart,
Listening to catch its every sob;
He strove with all the statesman's art
To still and shame the spirit of the mob.

He salved an afflicted nation's sore,
Rebuking any boast of Northern power,
And when he lay upon that playhouse floor
The South came to its desperate zero hour.

Mankind may need him when this war ends,
For angry men will attempt another peace;
If he were here in love to make amends,
The racial conflicts might forever cease.

Chas. L. ...

2/10/40

LINCOLN IN WARTIME

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Standing like an oak of Illinois,
He bastioned a nation in its fears,
Comforting a mother weeping for her boy.

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—Aborigine (Rev. J. R. Perkins) in Chi-
cago Tribune.

— † —
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2-10-74 *Chp. J. R.* Aborigine.

Here Nature writes on her renewing scroll
The Lincoln life, his deeds, his starlwart will;
Nor is there need of some great rocky hill
To carve the likeness of his mighty soul.
There is prepared for him a living shrine
Upon the prairie where he set his way
That Time can mold the raindrops and the clay
To Oak and Maple, Phlox and Eglantine.

The murmuring lake will join the birds at dawn
To sing with them supernal requiem;
Through shady forest over sunny lawn
Will nod in welcome every prairie gem;
And in the lighted Council Rings will rise
The Lincoln spirit to the seeing eyes.

LIGHTER VEIN

TO SMILE ALL DAY KEEPS THE FROWNS AWAY!

Our Motto: Boost and the World Smiles With You!
Knock and You Frown Alone!

"Here Nature writes on her
renewing scroll"

WHAT WOULD LINCOLN ENJOY MOST THAT IS DONE IN HIS HONOR BY "OLD HOME TOWN?"

Reed M. Perkins 2/12/38

REED M. PERKINS answers the question asked in this caption! He finds his inspiration on Lincoln's Birthday in the Lincoln Memorial Garden on the shore of Lake Springfield! He quotes from "Garden Glories," edited by one of our brilliant former reporters, Mrs. Raymond Knotts, and published by the Garden Club of Illinois, saying:

"The planting of the Abraham Lincoln Memorial Garden in Springfield is rapidly progressing, and the dream of Mrs. T. J. Knudson of the Springfield Civic Garden Association of a living memorial garden planted in honor of Illinois' great citizen, is becoming a beautiful actuality!"

With that garden as his inspiration, Mr. Perkins submits the following, appropriate for Lincoln Day:

Here Nature writes on her renewing scroll
The Lincoln life, his deeds, his stalwart will;
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To carve the likeness of his mighty soul.
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The Lincoln spirit to the seeing eyes.

THE FACT THAT a well-known bread man has been elected president of the Chamber of Commerce does not mean that the rest of us can loaf on the job and expect our bread to be served sliced by him!

WE AGREE WITH Midshipmate "Bill" Cheney that the Lincoln pictures in the current number of "Life" make a most amazing collection!

They show Lincoln as a youth, Lincoln as a candidate, the first and second inaugurations, Mrs. Lincoln, war scenes at Antietam and Gettysburg, the assassin Booth, Mrs. Surratt and her confederates, the lynching of the conspirators, the funeral train and the pall of death over Springfield!

Scrap-bookers couldn't find a more striking collection!

All Sorts

—By—

JOE HARRINGTON

BOSTON POST 2-12-41

LINCOLN THE MAN

*In a plain and lowly cabin,
Where his humble foot-steps trod
This great humanitarian
First learned to love his God.*

*It really seems that destiny
Had sent this man to earth
To give our people freedom,
Our great nation a rebirth.*

*He saw the curse of slavery,
He knew the discontent
That lay within the human heart,
When he was President.*

*By words, by deeds, by actions,
He made the people see
A nation could not prosper
With only one-half free.*

*He welded us in union,
Made us what we are today,
A land of freedom, justice,
Which we call our U. S. A.*

*Let it be said of Lincoln
He loved his Master's plan
Of Peace on Earth to everyone—
True fellowship of man.*

"SCOTTIE" PERRIN.
Gilmanton Iron Works, N. H.

A MAN FOR THE AGES

A dying mother touching with loving fingers the tear-streaked face of her boy and whispering, "Be *Somebody*, Abe;"

A lanky, homely lad stretched out on the floor before the open fire, reading, thinking, far into the night;

A splitter of rails; a champion wrestler; a farmer, a store keeper;

A funny story teller who could "make a cat laugh;"

A young lover turning away from the grave of his sweetheart with the face of a man grown old;

A melancholy dreamer who never carried a pen knife for fear he might take his own life;

A candidate for office whose first speech was "as short and as sweet as the old woman's dance."

A sincere man, a lover of justice, a hater of cruelty, who said of slavery—"If I ever have a chance to hit this thing, I'll hit it hard."

An awkward orator with coat sleeves and trousers too short, but with a spiritual light in his eyes;

A man who rode in the day coach while his opponent traveled in a special train;

A man who was found down on his knees playing marbles with a group of boys when news came that he had been elected President of the United States;

A gaunt, tired man on the rear platform of his train in a drizzling rain, bidding goodbye to the neighbors he loved;

A man of destiny at the helm of the ship of state with blackened skies, high seas, and the lightning flashes and thunder of war;

A man with one desperate idea: To save the Union;

A writer of tender letters to widowed mothers who gave their sons for the cause;

A pardoner of boys who could not be blamed if their legs were cowardly;

A man of infinite patience, "who held on through blame and faltered not at praise;"

A man so humble he said he would hold a general's horse if that general would win victories;

A man who signed with steady hand a proclamation that struck the shackles from the slaves;

A man who lived to see his cause triumph;

A man whose death set free for all mankind a Great Soul that shall bless and benefit, inspire and encourage, until time shall be no more.

(Written by Mr. Wilfred A. Peterson, Editor of *The Jaqua Way*, "Issued in the Interest of Better Printed Sales Literature to Perfect Our Acquaintance and Friendship by The Jaqua Company, Builders of Sales Literature Complete, Grand Rapids, Michigan," an exceptionally good house magazine now in Volume 6, Number 4. The above article, which we consider a masterpiece, appeared in the February number of *The Jaqua Way*. *Postage & The Mailbag* congratulates Mr. Peterson.)

A Tribute To Lincoln

Written by Dorothy Jane Petrie, 13,
Thornton Heights School, Eighth
Grade.

What tribute can we pay today
To him who on his own shoulders bore
The cares of a Country—
Long torn in war?

He faced the fiery criticism
Of a Nation, weary and distressed,
And patiently, almost alone,
Brought it triumphant through the
test.

In pictures, still that care worn face,
And those kindly eyes we see.
And upon Abraham Lincoln's birthday
What better tribute could there be
Than that we like him should be,
Patient, loving, kind, sincere,
Always helping others out,
Every day in every year.

Pfeffer, Fred G.

NOVEMBER 19 PROCLAMATION

"Whereas, November 19, 1945 marks the
82nd anniversary"

**November 19
Proclamation**

Whereas, November 19, 1945 marks the 82nd anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address, at which time he dedicated the sacred plot on the Gettysburg Battlefield as Gettysburg National Cemetery, and

WHEREAS, this date is internationally recognized as one of significance for peace and comfort in a troubled world because of the soul-stirring and deathless statements by our late martyred President,

I hereby call upon all our citizens to fittingly observe this solemn anniversary, in a manner befitting the character of the man who made it possible, by flying the national colors, the American flag, from flagstaffs of all buildings where facilities are available and/or by a public display of said flag from every home in the community.

This proclamation is authorized and issued out of respect to the memory of the great Abraham Lincoln and in solemn appreciation for his boundless contribution to the cause of peace and unity in these United States.

Fred G. Pfeffer

Burgess of Gettysburg

*Compliments of
The Lincoln Room
Gettysburg, Pa.*



We Need Him Now

by George E. Phair

His was the hand that broke the iron chain
That held a race in bondage and despair.
His was the hand that rent the bars in twain
That men might walk in Freedom's blessed air.

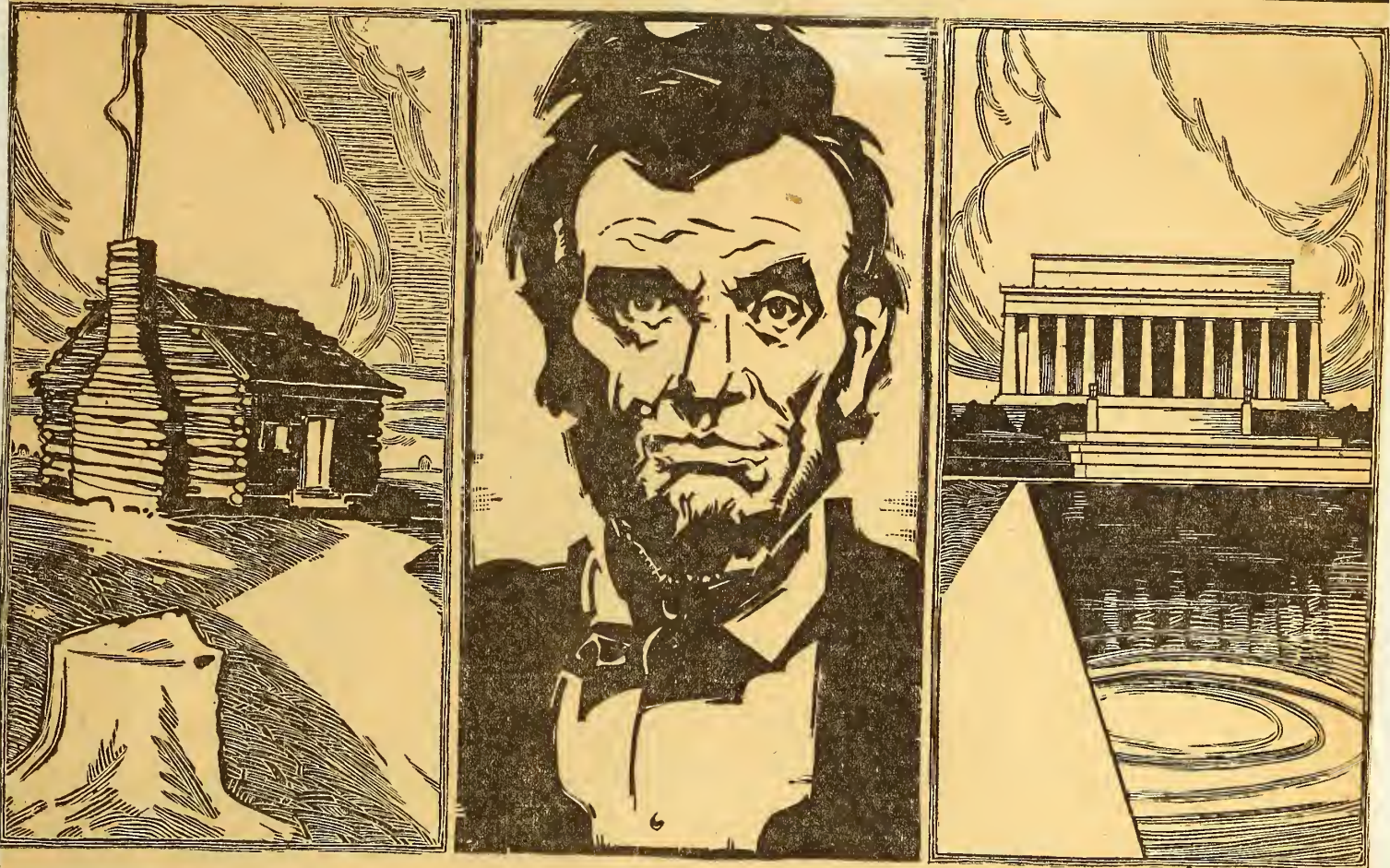
And now the wraith of bondage looms once more
And lays its hand upon the nation's heart.
Or black or white, all men must bow before
The royal masters of the money mart.

Men walk the streets with hunger in their eyes,
Beaten by fear and hopelessness and cold.
Would God another Lincoln might arise
To free the nation from its chains of gold!

STROUPE

Seattle (Wash) Post Intelligence 2/2/32

Marching Down the Corridors of Time



WE NEED HIM NOW — By George E. Phair

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San Francisco Examiner 2/16/22

FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1932

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THE SUN DIAL



By H. I. Phillips

Abraham Lincoln.

A leader who could stop and think,
A man who sought no easy way
A ruler scorning cheap applause,
And patient on each bitter day;
A thoughtful, gentle, kindly man,
From demagogic routines free,
Who looked upon his countrymen—
And saw but one big family!

Abe Lincoln, humble, patient, wise—
His mood so far beyond recall:
"No malice unto any man
And charity to one and all!"

II

To him great patience was no vice—
He did not scorn to think things through;
He made no bows to pressure groups
Or set one man apart from you;
The cheers and jeers he took in stride—
Vindictiveness was not in him;
No pettiness lay in his heart,
However dark the way or grim.

III

He could admit a troubled mind
And saw no shame in moments when
A problem was the same to him
As it might be to lesser men;
He knew few light and jaunty moods,
All-knowing, clever and all-wise;
No speedy answers did he have—
A sad deep wisdom lit his eyes.

IV

He bore his critics patiently,
In vanquished foe he found no glee;
No snarls or threats came from his lips . . .
On all he looked with charity.
In these days of the answer swift,
The hasty judgments, hard commands,
The leers, the tirades and abuse,
How kindly and how great he stands!

V

He had the understanding heart,
He read the words of Holy Writ
"Oh, love thy neighbor as thyself"—
And all his life he saw to it;
His triumphs brought no haughtiness,
Nor fill'd him with a high conceit
That he'd been chosen to remake
The paths made by his fathers' feet.

VI

He had a tolerance for views
Of those who chose to stand and fight.
He thought it very possible
The other fellow might be right;

THE NEW YORK SUN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1949.

The Once Over

By H. I. PHILLIPS

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Syracuse Post Standard

2-12-49

By H. I. Phillips 2/12/43

sumed by operational expenses, 34 per cent for wages, 15 per cent for taxes and 2 per cent for dividends. It leaves 3 per cent in the business. Talk about barely keeping a roof over you!

With almost all means of transportation to it barred, it looks as if the Kentucky event might have to be called a bunion derby.

Lincoln.

Here is the man whose luster grows—

Enshrined among the truly great:

Bludgeoned and lampooned by his foes

Yet never answering with hate!

Harassed, assailed and ridiculed

Along each hard mile to the goal,

Yet never vengeance in his heart

And no reprisal in his soul!

Belabored—and no punches barred—

No purge or smear could Abe decree . . .

He took the blows with tolerance—

And knew it was democracy!

The Dear President.

His call was like a father's to his sons!
As to a father's voice, they, hearing,
came—
Eager to offer, strive, and bear, and die.

The mild bond-breaker, servant of his
Lord,
He took the sword, but in the name of
Peace.
And touched the fetter, and the bound
was free.

Oh, place him not among the historic
kings,
Strong, barbarous chiefs and bloody
conquerors.
But with the great and pure Republi-
cans:

Those who have been unselfish, wise
and good,
Bringers of Light and Pilots in the
dark,
Bearers of Crosses, Servants of the
World.

And always in his Land of birth and
death,
Be his fond name—warm'd in the peo-
ple's hearts—
Abraham Lincoln, the Dear President.
John James Piatt.

SONNET--IN 1862

By JOHN JAMES PIATT

STERN be the Pilot in the dreadful hour
When a great nation, like a ship at sea
With the wroth breakers whitening at her lee,
Feels her last shudder if her Helmsman cower;
A godlike manhood be his mighty dower!
Such and so gifted, Lincoln, may'st thou be
With thy high wisdom's low simplicity
And awful tenderness of voted power:
From our hot records then thy name shall stand
On Time's calm ledger out of passionate days--
With the pure debt of gratitude begun
And only paid in never-ending praise--
Out of the many of a mighty Land
Made by God's providence the Anointed One.

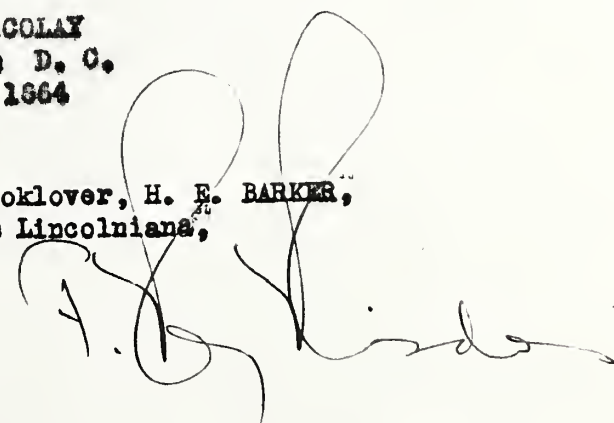
--From THE NESTS AT WASHINGTON/ AND/ OTHER POEMS
By John James Piatt and Sarah M. Bryan Piatt,
New York, 1864.

Copy autographed:

JNO. G. NICOLAY
Washington D. C.
Feb'y 23 1864

To my pal and fellow booklover, H. E. BARKER,
who treasures and sells Lincolniana,

October 22, 1932



Pierce, Col. Gilbert H. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

1896.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Soldier's Story of the War.

BY COL. GILBERT A. PIERCE.



TALL, gaunt man,
with grizzled
beard and hair,
And something of
the soldier in
his air,
He told to us, in
simple phrase,
this story
About himself, the
army, and "Old
Glory."

"They're talkin' newadays," said he,
"right smart
About the great Napoleon Bonaparte,
An' t'other day the boys says, 'Uncle
Dan,
You tell us who you think the greatest
man.'
'I don't know, boys,' I says; 'there's
Washington,
An' Alexander, an' Napoleon,
An' lots of others, but my way o'
thinkin'
There's none of 'em come up to Old
Abe Lincoln"—

"For greatness isn't jest a bein' stern,
An' solemn-like, an' carin' not a dern
For anybody on the top of earth
Except yourself, an' thinkin' no one
worth
The powder 'n lead to blow him out o'
sight,
Unless he bets on you as jes' 'bout
right.

"Now, Uncle Abraham could hoe his
roe
With any of 'em argyin', you know,
And then, some way, he kind o' had the
swing
Of them old prophets, when he come to
sling
His English; an' I guess, take him all
round,
He was the biggest man on top o'
ground.

"You see, at first, I, bein' a reglar 'crat,
Was thinkin' that the savage little spat
Betwixt the North an' South was all a
owin'
To what them Abolitionists was doin'.
But gosh! I soon got crazy as the rest
An' carried coal oil lamps, an' yelled
my best.
An' pretty quick I got to howlin' round
'Bout John Brown's body moldering in
the ground.
So when Steve Douglas said, right fair
and square,
That this was treason lurking in the
air,
I run my flag up, an' I says, says I,
B' jinks! like old man Adams, 'Live or
die,
Survive or perish,' you can count on me
As for the Union an' for liberty."

"An' so is Billy!" says my wife—our
Bill,
Jest barely turned fifteen, but who
could fill
The place of any feller of his size
That ever walked beneath Ohio's skies.

"Of course," I says, "but Billy he must
stay
An' plow an' sow an' make the corn
an' hay.
I'm still the fightin' member o' this
firm,
Though some 'ay lately I ain't worth
a dern.
But anyhow, there ain't no use of pray-
in'.
I go and you and Billy do the stayin'."

"An' then, although somehow the tears
would start,
I marched away to try and do my part,
With little Billy cryin' after me:
'I want a chance to strike for liberty.'"

"Just then I never thought the time
would come
When Billy couldn't fairly stay at
home.
But thinning ranks require new bone
an' muscle,
An' so recruiting officers must hustle;
An' when two years had passed I heard
one night
That Billy had enlisted for the fight.

"God! how I watched that boy! Some-
times with pride,
Then fearful as he kept step by my
side
Into the battle—up the mountain
height,
Trying to keep his boyish form in sight,
Praying and sometimes swearing too,
maybe,
When he exposed himself too careless-
ly.
For boys, somehow, with twice the
cause to live,
Seem twice as reckless when a life's to
give.



FELL BACK.

"At Vicksburg, in the charge, the ras-
cal gained
The parapet, but fell back, crushed an'
maimed,
Before the sweeping fire of that red hell
Jest by the spot where gallant Nevis
fell.

"I took him in my arms and bore him
back
Down under shelter, where the fire was
slack.
Then called a surgeon, while I cried
an' swore

And dashed myself against the fort
once more.

"He rallied from that wound an' he
an' I
Walked side by side on that fourth day
o' July
When Pemberton begged Grant the
siege to lift
An' we marched in with arms 'right
shoulder shift.'

"So time went on, an' we had stood to-
gether
In lots o' battles an' in wildest weath-
er;
But, some way, he had never seemed
so sound
After the day he got that ugly wound.
I used to take the little fellow's place
On picket, 'specially when there was a
trace
Of wandering in his manner or a kind
Of strangeness, like he didn't know his
mind.

"One night—'twas in the midst of that
campaign
When skirmishes were daily, an' the
aim
Of Sherman an' of Hood was, day and
night,
To get a chance to start a winning
fight—
Billy was placed on picket duty, where
The danger seemed to hover in the air.
He had relieved me, strange enough
to say,
An' I had charged him, as I came away,
To keep his wits about him an' his
eyes
Wide open, or he'd meet with a sur-
prise.

"I didn't like his looks; he turned from
me
An' kind o' grasped his musket care-
lessly,
Walking away upon his dangerous
'beat'
With dreamy look an' kind o' dragging
feet.

"I rolled up in my blanket, but some-
way
I couldn't sleep; before me, plain as
day,
Was that boy, marching up an' down—
his face
With that queer look of gazing into
space,
An' not the first idea of danger near,
Or shadow of anxiety or fear,
But just as if his thoughts were far
away
To where his mother bowed her head
to pray.

"I couldn't stand it, so I took my gun,
An' stepping over comrades, one by
one,
I hurried to the outposts silently,
Anxious to find him once again an' see
If all went well, an' if it did, why, then
I'd jest turn in an' try to sleep again.

"I reached a spot close underneath the
hill,
When at a sound my very heart stood
still.
A scuffle! then a cry! an oath—an' then
I saw the forms of half a hundred men

Between me an' the twinkling stars'
dim light,
That jest outlined their figures on the
height.

"It wa'n't no time to think! I raised my
arm!
The good old musket rung out the
alarm!
A dozen answering shots the rebels
sent,
Then turned an' run, a yelling as they
went.

"I scrambled up the hill, an awful
dread
Choking my breath! the boy! he must
be dead!
An' others came, an' soon we found his
form
Stretched out upon the ground, but
moist an' warm;
A blow upon the head that stunned,
that's all,
His gun all right, with powder, cap,
an' ball,
An' when I saw it—wall! I felt a smart
That hurt more'n if the wound was
in his heart.

"Asleep upon his post! He turned to
me
An' put his arm around me lovingly;
'I couldn't help it, dad,' he said, an'
then
He smiled that boyish smile of his
again,
Jest saying, as he turned once more,
'You see
I've had my chance to strike for lib-
erty!
Don't tell the folks at home, I beg and
pray,'
An' then between the guards he
marched away.

"It wa'n't no use! I begged, I plead; I
swore
That Billy wasn't like himself no more.
But there he was before us, well as ever!
He'd never been so bright, I reckon,
never.
Maybe it was the shock; but, anyhow,
He stood before the court, his boyish
brow
Half hid by curls, an' less affected
when
The sentence came than all the rest the
men.
No matter, when I heard the verdict
read,
I wished with all my heart that I was
dead.

"How could I ever nerve my heart to go
And tell his mother, who had loved him
so?

"I didn't know jest what to say or do.
They gave me leave of absence, an' I
drew
My scanty pay, an' started, whither
bent
I didn't try to realize—jest intent
On getting aid somewhere; letters I
bore
To the commanding general of the
corps,
To senators and governors, an' one
Addressed to 'Abram Lincoln, Wash-
ington.'

"With fainting heart I sought each man
whose name
Was said to make or mar a hero's fame;

They kindly spoke—told me to wait;
they sent
My papers to those near the President;
But one by one they all came back, no
sign
Of hope to me in any cruel line;
Only the words that showed no heart
was moved—
'The sentence of the court has been ap-
proved.'

"I wrote his mother, an' I said, 'My
dear,
God has forsaken us an' ours, I fear.
Weary an' sick an' growing gray an'
bent,
I'm going to try to see the President,
An' then I give it up, an' you an' I
Had better lay our old bones down an'
die.'

"They wouldn't let me in, although I
told
My story to them; men are mighty cold
When griefs are common, as they were
jest then,
An' all sought favors of the tongue or
pen;
But I was watching, an' one pleasant
day
I saw the Lincoln carriage drive away,
An' in an hour return at rapid rate
An' turn in quickly at the White House
gate.

"It rolled up swiftly to the entrance
door,
An' he stepped out, his eyes upon the
floor;
His lips were moving as if in his mind
Some question he debated, but his kind
An' gentle face—wall! it invited me,
An' I was starting forward eagerly,
When jest as I had almost reached his
side
They roughly called to me to stand
aside.

"He glanced once at the officer so grim,
While I looked up beseechingly at him,



REDEEMED AT LAST.

Then said: 'Who is the man? What
would he do?'
'Only a soldier,' said they, 'after an in-
terview.'
'Only a soldier!' said he, musingly.
'Periling his life for liberty!
Only a soldier! Marching near an' far,
Fighting the battles of this awful war!
Come in, my man! Thank God, to
speak to me
You need no other name or pedigree.'

An' then he led me in an' up the stair,
While Ministers and Generals waited
there.

"I told him, with the sobs half-choking
me,
The story of my grief and misery.
His face was sad an' furrowed with a
care
That I had never seen a mortal wear;
But still he listened, an' he bowed his
head
Sometimes at what I felt or what I said.

"He looked my papers over carefully,
Then turned an' smiling, gently said
to me:
'They say we must be stern if we would
win;
That pardons are the death of discip-
line;
But still I think the country would sur-
vive
With that boy loose an' running round
alive.

So far's our men's concerned, why,
heaven willing,
We'll let the other fellows do the kill-
ing.
You tell him, though, I count on him
to fight,
An' prove that they were wrong and I
was right;
To bravely serve, to die, too, if need be,
For God's great boon of human liberty.'
An' then he wrote: 'This sentence dis-
approved!'
While I sat there an' hardly breathed
or moved;
An' then I saw him add, my old eyes
blinkin',
'Restored to his company. A. Lincoln.'

"Jest there was where I lost my grip!
my, my!
I couldn't say the first derved thing—
jest cry
An' wring his hand an' tremble like the
nation,
Instead of making, so to speak, a brief
oration,
An' thanking him an' promising to
stand,
Both me an' Billy, till the blessed land
Was saved. No, sir; I lost my head,
Fill, finally, I mustered up an' said
I thought that God would take good
care o' him,
Whatever might become of discipline.
An'—wall! I had to go without a sayin'
Half the things that filled my heart,
but prayin'
Heaven to treat him kind an' tenderly
An' with the mercy he had shown to
me.

"In six months Billy stood upon the
roll
Promoted up to second corporal,
LOOKED MY PAPERS OVER.

An' then, by changes that we under-
went,
Was color bearer of the regiment.
We marched through Georgia, conquer-
ing to the sea,
Bearing the dear old flag triumphantly,
An' there, with solid shot and canister,
We faced the guns of Fort McAllister.

"A charge was ordered quickly, an' our
corps
Made ready for a stubborn fight once
more.
At first the rebels fired at such a rate



It seemed to make our column hesitate.

"Billy, with face aflame and scornful
glance,
Carried the flag far up in the advance;
When out the Colonel spoke an' cried:
'Bring back
The colors to the regiment!' Mid crack
An' crash of guns the boy replied: 'You
bring
The regiment to the colors!' Then with
swing
An' shouts an' cheers at Billy's brave
reply
The whole brigade came rushing madly
by,
An' almost 'fore they sensed what they
had done
The fort was taken an' the day was
won.

"But Billy had gone down; jest at the
last,
His fingers holding to the flag so fast
They had to pry them loose; an' on his
face
A smile a thousand years cannot efface.
An' though my eyes were full an'
brimming o'er
I never felt such pride on earth before.

"Redeemed at last! The General came
and said:
'Place his name first among the gal-
lant dead,'
Then wrapped the Stars and Stripes
around the one
They all did honor to—my son, my son!

"When loving hands arrayed the boy
that night
In his new uniform, with buttons
bright,
They found his treasures, an' among
the rest
A picture of Old Abe upon his breast;
An' written on the back, like prophecy:
'I've fought, great friend, and died for
liberty!'"

Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena**LINCOLN**

Honest Abe they called him—yet,
No one can well dispute
This plainly fitting epithet
From boyhood-days repute.

Young, modest, bashful, reticent,
He dreamed of better days . . .
When all the world, grown penitent,
Would sue for noble ways.
His arms grew strong from splitting rails,
His heart, from human-woe.
And from the Light that never fails,
He found the way to go.
So unassuming was his mien,
No prophet could foretell
That Lincoln's portrait would be seen
In foreign lands as well
As in his own beloved States,
Where honor holds him high.
Where every school-child still relates
His "Gettysburg" far cry.

The whole world claims him, for he craved
That all the world, through love, be saved.
—JESSIE BOWEN PIERCE.

Pasadena Post 2/9/41

Our Lincoln 7/12/84
He wasn't born of high degree,
If wealth or rank marks a family
tree;
He never sought for idle praise,
He never knew the idle ways;
With honest toil he graced his days—
Our Lincoln.
He was a homely man, they say,
With tousled hair, an unkempt way,
But those who knew him did declare
That he was handsome—features
rare—
They saw his soul a-shining there—
Our Lincoln.
—Ruth Pierce, Pine Village.
Indiana, Dec. 1894

DISCOVERING LINCOLN'S HOME.

(As told to a boy.)

Walking eastward down on Jackson,
Seeing Springfield, Illinois,
There I came upon a dwelling,
Just a common frame, my boy.

'Twas a plain two story structure
Like the others in the row,
And I paid it small attention,
Nearly passing by you know.

But there on a pole beside it,
Flapping proudly in the breeze,
I beheld a starry banner,
And a cannon 'neath the trees.

So I stopped to look a moment,
Wond'ring what those things could
mean,
When I caught the name of LINCOLN
On a tablet by the screen.

That was once the Lincoln homestead!
How my being thrilled with awe
As I gazed upon the structure
Which before I hardly saw!

He had lived there when a lawyer,
Ere he went to Washington;
That explained the starry banner
And the ugly cannon gun.

For the sovereign state is keeping
That old building in repair,
And some relatives of Lincoln
Are at present living there.

Yes, they let me in to see it,
And I passed from room to room,
Thinking how Abe Lincoln's glory
Still survives the darksome tomb.

No, my boy, it isn't riches
That will make a fellow great,
Nor a college education,
Nor a pre-determined fate.

But a heart for honest service,
And the brain and brawn to toil;
These things made the mighty Lincoln.
And will make you . . . Give them trial.

—By C. R. PIETY.

9th St. Register 2-12-15

POETRICAL TRIBUTES TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Under this title J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia have published a beautifully printed duodecimo volume of three hundred pages, containing the majority of the poems elicited by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. It was mostly compiled by Mr. J. N. Plotts of New York, and is a curious record of a memorable condition of the public mind. Even those pieces which have marked poetical demerits possess a representative value as indications of the popular heart. Many of the poems in the collection are by well known writers, and are excellent specimens of their genius; but among those names which appear for the first time appended to verses, the reader will recognize some which deserve to be better known, and certainly the specimens of Mr. "Anonymous" are generally very much to the credit of that veiled prophet and bard. A good portrait of Mr. Lincoln gives additional value to the volume. (For sale by Lec & Shepard). 74565

Plumb, Albert H.

The Hartford Times
"Poet's Corner"
February 11, 1958

The Poet's Corner

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You who rest within a martyr's grave
Still give us courage from your steadfast creed;
Posterity now knows your suffering
Developed a keen spiritual need.

In silence you bore the scorn of those
Who could not understand that you were right;
Today you are revered by all who know
That you were guided by a Divine Light.

MARY LAVINIA SILVIA.

* * *

THE LITTLE LINCOLN

O little lad, how narrow your escape
From waters deep of death that might have
been
But for the comrade of your boyhood days.
Few then would miss you. Millions mourned
at last.

Unknown, remote, with wild life for
companions,
For whom your tender heart had deep
affection,
You only shunned the bear and wolf and
panther.
But fiercer would be human foes to trail you.

A single piece of covering was yours.
Who were to wear the garb of highest office,
The small child changing to majestic stature,
While wisdom showed in every lineament.

But first your hands would grow in manly
might
For wrestling bout or rapid slash of rails.
Those fingers firm would grasp the potent pen
In glad emancipation of sad slaves.

Beside the cabin's fireplace, in its light
You learned to write in charcoal black and
bold.

Your signature affixed would signify
The union of an almost broken nation.

You early taught yourself to read with zest
Both secular and sacred words of wisdom.
Your fervent speech engraved upon the wall
Is scanned by hosts in your memorial hall.

O little lad of southern backwoods far,
Then known to few; now cities bear your name.
Around the world that name is venerated.
You truly now belong unto the ages.

REV. ALBERT H. PLUMB.

(The Rev. Albert H. Plumb is in his 95th year.)

* * *

Washington from America

1153

Lincoln

O noble soul, immortal, why are you so great?

Your deathless grandeur is the larger by humility.

Not stouter stood the storm-swept pine on rocky height;

No gentler smiled the wild rose in the peaceful valley.

As rugged cliffs rebuff the vainly surging sea,

You calmly faced, and overcame, malignant powers;

But fallen bird or captive babe evoked compassion;

For majesty with mercy sublimely towers.

Endurance in thick darkness, patience in keen pain,

Struck gripping roots, like steel, in faith's foundations deep.

To God you cried, and on His sacred word relied.

You knew the harvests of His truth He yet would reap.

And now you summon us to stand as once you stood.

For all that rightful is for humblest common man,

For human freedom solely safe with holy law.

The Liberty no modern despot long can ban.

ALBERT HALE PLUMB, in The Hartford Times.

When all the worlds are old as time, outwears
with their toil;

When peoples, burdened with their woes cry
up from ev'ry soil;

I think, if they may merely see the imprint of
your face,

The littleness of self will merge into the calm
of grace.

The Master Hand each feature carved to sim-
ple ruggedness;

A love divine on ev'ry line has left its soft
impress;

I wonder did a tenderness o'erleap the cen-
turies

From Bethlehem, to look upon the world from
out your eyes.

'Tis not the face of martyr, of hero, savior—
Nay,

It looks above the incidents that seek to mar
its clay;

Life's higher possibilities upon its features
blend,

And point the ages to behold mankind's im-
mortal Friend.

—LON POLK.

Pool, M.W.

Lincoln-Palladium

"Let not a clamor of tongues -"

LINCOLN—PALLADIUM

From the New York Sun and Herald.

Let not a clamor of tongues contend in
praise.

Nor vex his quiet rest with protests loud.
That memory in honor tranquil, proud,
Deserves more fitting and exalted ways.
He had not wished the triumph nor the bays;
The reverence we yield he never sought.
Such meed as our hearts render is not
bought.

Nor parceled as a debt more duty pays.

His passion was the Union! It alone
Unswerving held his every thought, and
spurred

His mind to heights remote, unparalleled.
Ask how that brooding spirit now be shown
The depth of what we feel, who doubts
his word:

"Hold ye the Union that for ye I held!"

phil. Palladium —Morris Wright Pool.

21.31.20

Poole, L. C.

Abraham Lincoln and the
Birdling

"Across the prairie,
through the woods —"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE BIRD-
LING

LOUELLA C. POOLE

ACROSS the prairie, through the woods,
A group of horsemen rode along,
When, passing by a shady grove
Voiced with sweet bird song,

They noted, close beside their path,
A fledgling, fallen from its nest,
Half dead with fright, with fluttering wings
And palpitating breast.

On, on they rode, those horsemen gay,
But one, more grave, turned back, and he
Raised from the ground the tiny bird
And placed it in a tree.

And when, at his solicitude
His friends made pleasant jest, their ride
Thus to delay for such slight cause,
The great man thus replied:

"My friends, this only can I say—
I should tonight no sleep have found
Had I allowed that helpless thing
To perish on the ground!"

What wealth of tenderness he knew—
Our Lincoln, he who spoke the word
That freed a race, for he it was
That saved that little bird.

Samuel Clemens

Wisonan, George W.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"God-gave-him-eight."

Pooton, James

"Our Lincoln 'tis of thee"

Hymn to Lincoln.

Editor of The Globe:

Sir—The poetical tributes to Lincoln are very numerous, and some are of great merit, but I have seen none in hymn form adapted to popular singing to a familiar air by schools, churches, or public meetings, and so send one in this form:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Air "America.")

Our Lincoln, 'tis of thee,
Champion of Liberty,
Of thee we sing.
Thou wert our Nation's pride,
Thou Freedom's Martyr died,
And now, on every side,
Thy praise shall ring.

"With malice toward none"
Thy glorious work was done—
Our Union saved,
"With charity for all"
On this Terrestrial Ball,
Thou freed from bitter thrall
Millions who slaved.

Immortal is thy name,
And thy undying fame
Brightens each day.
And now, in realms above,
Dwelling where all is love
Safe in our Father's love,
Thou'll live for aye.

New York, Feb. 20.

JAMES POOTON

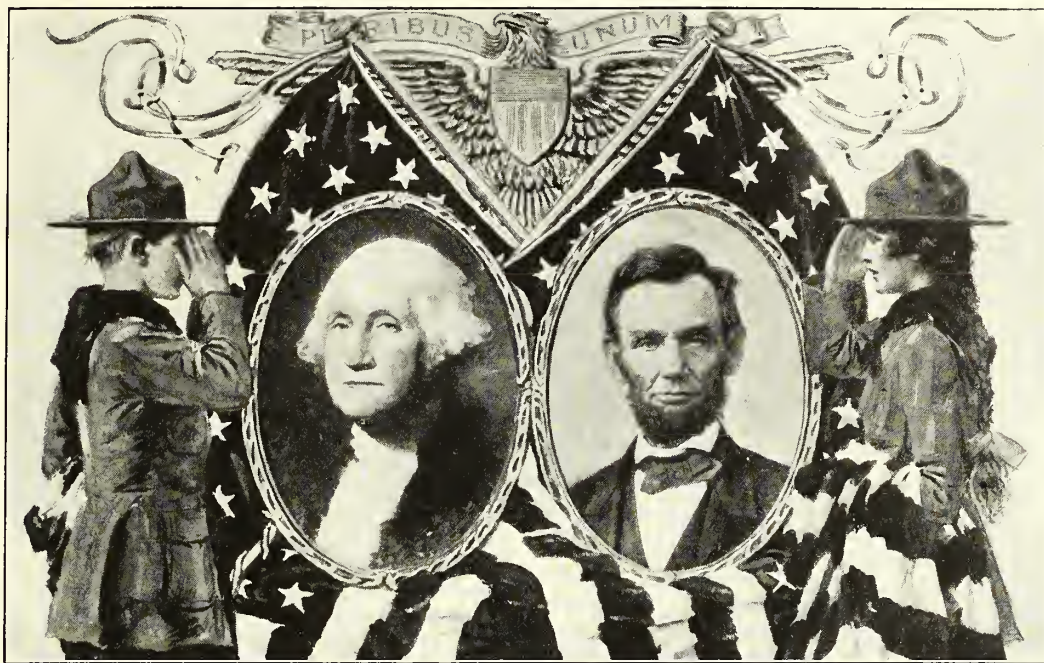
Young Lincoln

(By MARIE J. POST.)

HE WAS part of all he knew—
Warm, red earth and morning
dew,
Sound of ax against a tree,
Hearth flame where a lad could see
Fancies he would never list.
He was part of morning mist,
Wooded hills and summer skies—
All these helped to make him wise.
He learned tenderness from these—
Springtime's first anemones,
Wounded birds and forest brooks
All these taught as much as books.

These were close to him those days—
Knowledge of all wildlife ways,
What men said, their every word,
Simple stories that he heard
Counted most in what made him
More than just another slim,
Awkward, gangling, backwoods lad.
For he took the things he had
And built his eloquence on these—
Rocks and earth and men and trees
He could know and touch the heart
Of this great land to play his part.

So long as light shall shine upon a world
Which has a human saga for the lyre,
A pennant at a masthead left unfurled,
A name, a title to be writ in fire;
So long as there is drama on the earth
And the wild pulses leap th the grand themes
That dignify our voyaging from birth
To death along the highway of our dreams;
This name shall be a symbol for the free
Life of the race, for ours as yours - for blood
And toil and sweat, for tears salt as the sea,
For patience and valour flowering from the mud.
Lincoln! You were behind those granite speeches
Rallying the squadrons on the Dunkirk beaches.



MASTER HOBBY'S SCHOOL ▲ BREAD AND MILK

A February Tribute

By ROSE MILLS POWERS

MASTER HOBBY was stern of rule;
Head was he of the parish school;
A very wise man, I'd have you know,
In Fredericksburg, long years ago.

Some of his pupils used to shake
In their buckled shoes whene'er he spake.
Oh, Master Hobby was very wise,
With bushy eyebrows above his eyes.

Little he dreamed the sturdy boy
Who played like the rest with ball and toy—
Master George Washington was his name—
Would climb to the top of the stair of fame.

Little he knew his warlike play
At Indian fighting, day by day,
Siege and ambush in boyish sport,
Would lead to business of sterner sort.

For William Bustle, George's chum,
Was a likely lad with book and sum,
Quite as able to write and read,
And always followed to George's lead.

Average boys, in the master's eye,
George and William, and he would ply
His switch on either, in righteous zeal,
Facts and figures to make more real.

'T WAS when youthful Lincoln went,
On his legal business bent,
Ere they chose him President.

Tall and straight and strong he stood,
And of sturdy hardihood,
Like a fir-tree in the wood.

And within his deep-set glance
Shone a steady radiance,
Lightening his countenance.

For a woodsman he was bred,
And its influence still was shed
In the upright life he led.

Once, when going on his way,
Came he at the end of day
To a widow's home to stay;

But the good dame drooped and sighed;
Bread and milk was all, she cried,
All her larder could provide.

Laughed the youthful Lincoln there:
"Bread and milk is proper fare,
Serve me up a bounteous share;

"Who would care for meat or fish?
Bread and milk?—As choice a dish
As the President could wish!"

Average pupils, the master thought;
Never dreaming that one was brought
For tasks supreme at destiny's hand,
To lead the people and save the land.

Master Hobby, you 're laid in dust,
But honor to you—you kept your trust.
In Washington's tactics still we see
Your hand that taught him the rule of three.

And William Bustle who played with George,
Our brave commander at Valley Forge,
Is it too much to say, in turn,
Courage and grit you helped him learn?

Teacher and friend, both had their part
In molding Washington's noble heart—
Master Hobby who marked his sums,
William Bustle, the best of chums.

As "the President," he said,
Soft and low, and bowed his head,
Blessed the food and brake the bread.

Do you think that Lincoln then,
By some strange, prophetic ken,
Sensed his mission unto men?

That his crystal soul divined
The great duties he would find
As he left the woods behind?

Who can tell? For who can know
What the unseen world may show
Unto chosen souls below?

But the good dame ne'er forgot!
Was it prophecy—or what?
And he knew it, like as not.

"Lincoln, the woodsman, in the
clearing stood,

The War Cry 2/13/37

Abraham Lincoln

LINCOLN, the woodsman, in the clearing stood,

Hemmed by the solemn forest stretching round;

Stalwart, ungainly, honest-eyed and rude,
The genius of that solitude profound.

He clove the way that future millions trod,

He passed, unmoved by worldly fear or pelf;

In all his lusty toil he found not God,

Though in the wilderness he found himself.

Lincoln, the President, in bitter strife,

Best-loved, worst-hated of all living men,

Oft single-handed, for the nation's life

Fought on, nor rested ere he fought again.

With one unerring purpose armed, he clove

Through selfish sin; then overwhelmed with care,

His great heart sank beneath its load of love;

Crushed to his knees, he found his God in prayer.

—FLORENCE EVELYN PRATT.

Pressfield, Harry

February 12, 1809

"Hello, Sam; How're the
folks today -"

Sunset Magazine, March, 1925.

February 12, 1809

(In Hardin County, Kentucky)

By Harry Pressfield

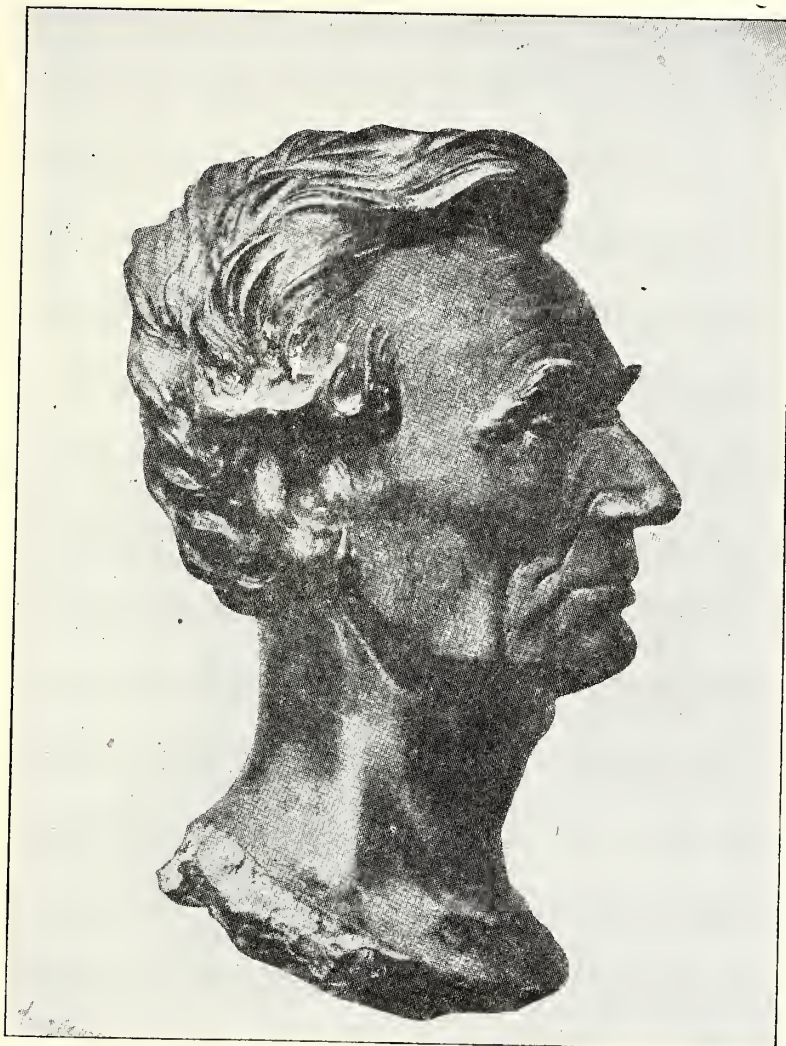
Hello, Sam. How're the folks today?
Anything new going on out your way?

Nothing much, Ben. Hardly a thing.
We'll all be glad with the coming of Spring.
We're certainly having a lot of snow,
Do you know last night it went twenty below?
Never saw such a winter, I do declare,
Since I was a boy in Delaware.
Know my roan mare? Well, I'm going to sell;
Been offered a hundred. However, don't tell.

Where can I get some early seed corn?
We'll break the south forty when winter is gone.
That's all, Ben. Must be getting along.
Come over and see us. Don't wait too long.
Oh, say, one thing more. Whoa there, you, Bill!
You know Thomas Lincoln of Hodgenville.
They've a boy at their place. Born just before day,
Abe—that's the name of the youngster, they say.

Not much going on in these parts nowadays!
Hope to see you real soon come over our ways.

Zion's Herald, February 11, 1925.



A Portrait of Lincoln

HARRY PRESSFIELD

This is our Lincoln's face!

Here is the strength of unplowed prairie sod;
And here such peace as, on a cold still night,
Broods on a slope of pine in Illinois.
It must be, too, the purging winds of God
Have blown some hurricane right through this soul,
And left behind no trace of husk or chaff.
The burden of the winter's cold he knows—
Yet certain of the ecstasy of Spring.
What memory of a lingering drought is here;
Some time when men faced each day's sun with fear
And saw the shrivel of their hopes. Then rain—
And each with glad cheer hailed: "Good-morning, friend!"

Oakdale, Cal.

Price 10/25/78 (13)

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THE FACE OF LINCOLN

by
Walter W. Price

Yesterday, I looked upon the face
of Lincoln reflected in a portrait
And he spoke to me saying:

"I, too, looked yesterday
into a river through beams of light.
Light that pierced the shadows
of ancient trees
In a place my folks called Kentucky.

Now, I live on in silence
That I knew there as a child
living in a frontier wilderness
When my father told me
I must follow him to another place.

I remember so well how lonely
I felt then. Later, there was a poet
who wrote of men of the land
And on their backs he placed
'The burdens of the world.'

But he was not really writing
of me for I had learned to share
burdens with others in mirth
and in seriousness and in hope
through long, long nights
When only Despair seemed a person
sharing my bed and refusing
To let me sleep in peace.

There was that poet's man hoeing
the stubborn earth to get food;
To save the roots of faith
that the poet thought were lost.
And wrote the line of his concern
for the man of ~~Earth~~ who carried
'In his face the emptiness of ages'
or words to such effect.

The poet did not know me for my face
is lined with truth as I see it.

And where there is Truth there
can be no emptiness.

Yes, I am Abraham. I am Lincoln.
Although I lived in a wilderness
of agony where brother slaughtered
brother, and I mourned for others
And not for myself, I remind that poet
There is beyond each midnight
A new Hope that will begin to rise."

*Given to Walter and Bessie Price by Dr. and Mrs. Frank
Gladding of Honolulu, Hawaii, 1978.

Thomas and Nancy Lincoln

By Edna Dean Proctor

"Fit us for humblest service," prayed

This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place.

In God's eternal plan:
Content, by prairie, wood and stream,
The common lot to share,

Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear—

Then trustfully resigned the life
That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana's grave

This many a year who lies—
Mother and wife whose yearning soul

Looked sadly from her eyes—
Who, dying, called her children close

As the last shadow fell,

And bade them ever worship God

And love each other well—

Then to her forest grave was borne,

The wind her funeral knell!

So drear—so lone—who could have dreamed

The boy her bed beside,

Forth from that cabin door would walk

Among earth's glorified?

But, lo! his name from sea to sea

Gives patriotism wings;

Upon his brow a crown is set

Grandeur than any king's;

And to these fameless graves his fame

Tender remembrance brings.

Ah! still the humble God doth choose

The mighty to confound:

Still them that fear and follow him

His angel campeth round;

And while by Indiana's woods

Ohio, murmuring, flows,

And Illinois' green levels shine

In sunset's parting glows—

While Lincoln's name is dear, our hearts

Will hallow their repose.

—[From The Independent.

5/4/07

C. Proctor, Editor

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Now must the storied Potomac
Laurels for ever divide;
Now to the Sangamon fameless
Give of its century's pride.
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
Placidly westward that flows,
Far in whose city of silence
Calm he has sought his repose.
Over our Washington's river
Sunrise beams rosy and fair;
Sunset on Sangamon fairer—
Father and martyr lies there.

Kings under pyramids slumber
Sealed in the Lybian sands,

Princes in gorgeous cathedrals
Decked with the spoil of lands;
Kinglier, princelier sleeps he
Couched 'mid the prairies serene,
Only the turf and the willow
Him and God's heaven between;
Temple nor column to cumber
Verdure and bloom of the sod—
So in the vale by Beth-peor
Moses was buried of God.

Break into blossom, O prairies!
Snowy, and golden, and red;
Peers of the Palestine lilies
Heap for your Glorious Dead!
Roses as fair as of Sharon,
Branches as stately as palm,
Odors as rich as the spices—
Cassia, and aloes, and balm—
Mary, the loved, and Salome,
All with a gracious accord,
Ere the first glow of the morning
Brought to the tomb of the Lord.

Wind of the West! breathe around him
Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
When to the summit of Pisgah
Moses had journeyed to die;
Clear as its anthem that floated
Wide o'er the Moabite plain
Low with the wail of the people
Blending its burdened refrain.
Rarer, O wind! and diviner—
Sweet as the breeze that went by,
When, over Olivet's mountain,
Jesus was lost in the sky.

Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in his grave is thy grandeur;
Born of his sorrow thy joy.
Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
Dearer than his in thy prairies,
Girded with harvests of gold!
Still for the world through the ages
Wreathing with glory his brow,
He shall be liberty's Savior;
Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN

"Fit us for humblest service," prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God's eternal plan;
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The common lot to share,
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And while by Indiana's woods
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And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows—
While Lincoln's name is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.

Novist Christian Advocate 2-13-18 —Edna Dean Proctor.

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN

(Written in May, 1865)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

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* * *

April 25/01

resolve itself into regulation of profits. The only basis on which prices could be prescribed would be one of cost. We should wish to leave to the producer a return that would pay fair wages, managers' salaries, interest on capital and insurance against risks. We should make the price, in short, cover costs of production, as liberally and scientifically interpreted. Competition actually tends to make prices conform to this standard. It tends continually to rule out of existence certain net profits which are in excess of costs.

Law, however, is a poor instrument for accomplishing such a result. If it worked quickly and remorselessly in forcing prices down to the cost level it would do more harm than the trusts have done.

Further, we shall not tax profits out of existence. We shall not enact that all gains above five or six per cent. on the amount of capital used shall be made over to the State. That would stop progress. Why should a man improve his methods or deprive himself of any sleep in the effort to organize his establishment in an effective manner if the most he can get in any case is a fixed gain of five or six per cent.? It is better to use the old machinery, to run the ill-located mill, to retain inefficient managers, etc. Inventors would find a poor market in a country where profits should be fixed by law.

Finally, we shall not try the experiment of State socialism. This proposition may require an extended argument, which cannot here be given. There is no doubt that the growth of trusts has caused State socialism to present itself to many a mind as a possible alternative for a *régime* of monopoly; and if it were the only alternative the case for it would be a strong one. As between a system of unregulated monopolies in private hands and one great public monopoly, many a man will prefer the latter. The situation, however, is not so serious. The trust is not now unregulated, and it is by no means incapable of further regulation. There are things now doing and there are more to be done. There is in sight a condition in which these corporations may serve the public. They may give us the benefit of their efficiency. They may play their part in promoting commercial expansion and put this country into a position of peaceful dominance in the world's affairs. They may conceivably do this without oppression. They may not tax the consumer or crush wage-earners. The route to this desirable state is not easy, and it is only beginning to become plain. I venture to assert that it is becoming reasonably plain. The solution of the trust problem is not as baffling as it has been.

NEW YORK CITY.

Thomas and Nancy Lincoln.

By Edna Dean Proctor.

"FIT us for humblest service," prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God's eternal plan:
Content, by prairie, wood and stream
The common lot to share,
Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear,—
Then trustfully resigned the life
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This many a year who lies—
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And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows—
While Lincoln's name is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.

LINCOLN'S STORIES

Read before the Columbia Historical Society, April 17, 1923.

If Lincoln told the stories that
Some people say he did,
He surely had some humor packed
Away beneath his lid;
Mark Twain was ordinary in
His joke and repartee --
If Lincoln told the stories that
They tell to you and me.

Of course he had a jolly strain
And lots of ready wit;
His stories always had a point,
And likewise made a hit,
But if he told just half of those
You hear upon the street,
Then I'll submit, and you'll agree,
He had all others beat.

How'er, his path in life was strewn
With things which cause dismay,
And things which contradict the thought
That he was always gay;
Of course he made the best of life,
And spun a yarn or two,
But only just a fraction of
The many ones told you.

It used to be - more so than now -
When things were not so dry,
When you would meet - most anywhere -
Some humoristic guy
Who'd start the conversation with
A story very old,
By saying, "here's a good one that
They say Abe Lincoln told."

Poor Abe! if he could just return,
I wonder what he'd say,
To hear him given credit for
Some jokes we hear today;
All are not the real old chestnuts,
Told over and again,
For some are just as recent as
The war we had with Spain.

They tell them in the drawing room
And tell them in the bank,
Some are good and elevating
While other ones are rank
But when you go to vaudeville, you
Expect them up-to-date,
And not the kind "that Lincoln told"
As some has-been will state.

Some are in color rather off -
Some really very bold
No doubt you've heard a lot yourself -
And lots, of course, you've told;
It would not do to here repeat
Some parlor ones I've heard,
For you might get the false idea
That Lincoln was a bird.

Some of these yarns, Ben Franklin heard
When he was youthful clad,
And Ben told them when he grew up:
To make his friends feel glad;
He printed some, as you well know,
A very long ways back,
In what it pleased him to call those days
"Poor Richard's Almanac."

Joe Miller, too, told lots of these
Old stories in his book,
And Joe admitted getting them
By any hook and crook;
But worse than this, to rub it in,
And make more great the crime,
They add to Abe's collection, jokes
From Tutankhamen's time.

For instance, here's a sample one -
That's almost petrified -
I know that Adam told this one
Some years before he died,
And yet some people who have no
Partic'lar moral code,
Insist he told the one about
The hen that crossed the road.

Now, I really love Abe Lincoln,
I can't praise him enough,
His life on earth, from first to last,
Was surely very tough;
His service to his country should
Forever be extolled -
But half these yarns, I have no doubt,
He never, never told.

LINCOLN'S STATUE.

They took it down and stored it in a heap --
The thoughts of which should make us mortals weak
And cover up our face with guilty shame,
To think, at last, we have disgraced his name:
This shaft, which meant so much in sixty-eight
That thousands helped it then to dedicate,
Should be, a few years hence, without a guest,
Removed to some obscure place to rest,
Because, 'tis said, it did not fit the place --
It stood, some said, too high upon its base,
And, furthermore, the courthouse being new,
The incongruity would never do,
They did not hark back to the civil strife
When even he surrendered up his life
To put upon this earth a nation new --
A nation for the people - and for you,
He was not out of place in those dark days --
Indeed, all people since have sung his praise --
And so, I ask, what mind conceived the thought,
To take from us this monument we bought?
Where were you, men of Illinois, then,
And where were your talented congressmen?
Your Cullom would never have seen this done
To your greatest man -- to your fairest son.

But since it has been stored away at last --
Regardless of all sentiment and past --
May I suggest Fort Stevens as a site,
Where Lincoln stood and saw the armies fight,
And saw our boys win out with sword and gun
And save from torch and loot our Washington.
What other place, pray tell me, has such claim?
What other place has such immortal fame?
What other city helped this statue buy?
What other place our rights would thus deny?

The Evening Star, Sunday, January 18, 1920.

TO UNCLE SAM

According to the press, today,
I see you are about to pay
A hundred million in a whack
For bonds you sold just two years back.

This money, so I understand,
Is surplus which you have in hand,
Collected from the Federal Banks --
Paid in by thrifty U. S. Yanks.

Now I, for one, have no regrets
In seeing you pay honest debts,
But I do think at least you should
Make all your obligations good.

Those bonds, bought by the rank and file
The poor man with his little pile --
Which went to whip the horrid huns,
Are still held by some loyal ones.

They paid full value to the cent,
And gladly to the Nation lent,
In many cases every sou --
A thing you urged them then to do.

Now, why, not be a good old sport
And do the right thing, which you ought,
And first buy back from honest hands --
And not from shylocks and such bands.

Don't get the idea I am sore --
But there may be another war
And if you do not treat us right
You may get worsted in the fight.

Of course no loyal soul wants that --
Nor would they treat you tit-for-at,
But honesty is best, I say,
And will be so 'till judgment day

LINCOLN.

If I were nominating saints
Or canonizing worthy men,
Excluding only Washington,
With Lincoln's name I would begin.

Resolute, steadfast, and honest--
Filled with mercy and with love--
Just as though divinely prompted
By the Jehovah from above.

No venom for relentless foe,
Nor hatred for an enemy--
His greatest attribute in life
Was universal charity.

Justice to him was a motto,
Impartiality his creed:
Virtue seemed to be reflected
In every act--in every deed.

He willingly forgave each one
Who taunted him with words of hate:
He never tolerated spite--
To him forgiveness was a trait.

Struck down amid the joy of peace,
He died with love for every one--
And as the angels bore him hence,
They no doubt sang, "Well done,
well done!"

And so I'd sanctify his name--
All reverence to him I'd show--
For nothing is too good--or can
Repay to him the debt we owe.



Saint Gaudens Statue, Lincoln Park, Chicago

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He waved no sceptre, wore no crown,
No acts ignoble marred his days;
And when in cloud his sun went down
The world, in darkness, sang his praise!

—S. Patterson Prowse

LINCOLN

The tramp of war, the tread of marching feet,
The shrill chaotic cries of little men,
Of those who bid "aspire" and then "retreat,"
Wind-driven phantoms of an idle pen,—
All vanish in the vision of a man
Like some vast mountain, gaunt and somber gray,
Guarding the heavens that it seems to scan
For one faint glimmer of returning day,—
Then first to hear the Morning Spirit call
Leaps into life, warm sunlight over all!
—Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer in "Mothers and
Men."

Houghton, Mifflin Company.

LAKE SHORE CLUB SHOWS HUNDRED YEARS OF PUNCH

Joins Centennial of Humor Magazine.

BY DAVID ANDEKSON.

A century of laughs in the form of more than 5,000 copies of Punch, the London satirical magazine, dating back to July, 1841, is on display at the Lake Shore club, 850 Lake Shore drive.

The complete collection, one of the few in this country, was donated 10 years ago by the late David G. Joyce, Chicago lumberman. Current issues, arriving late due to the difficulty of wartime shipping, have been added by the club library committee, headed by Col. John H. Wigmore, dean emeritus of the Northwestern university law school.



Punch trademark for 100 years.

Centennial of Magazine.

Squeezed into some 20 feet of library shelves, the bound volumes offer a humorous panorama of customs, manners, politics, art, and fashions thru the century. They are being displayed in celebration of the magazine's centennial.

The first issue carries an introductory paragraph by which the publication has been guided for a century. It reads:

"This Guffawgraph is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit—an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes—the superannuated Joe Millers—the millions of perishing puns, which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon."

First with an Old One.

In 1845 "Punch" printed the line that humor students say has been reprinted more often than any other joke:

"Advice to those about to marry—Don't."

Another joke which has been told thru the years first appeared in "Punch":

Old lady: [her first trip on an electric tram] "Would it be dangerous, conductor, if I were to put my foot on the rail?"

Conductor: "No, mum, not unless you was to put the other on the overhead wire."

But Punch was not always humorous, as is shown in the display of the May 6, 1865, issue. Under the title, "Abraham Lincoln—Fouly Assassinated April 14, 1865," the magazine printed a verse, part of which follows:

"You who lay a wreath on murdered
Lincon's bier,
You who with mocking pencil went to
trace
Bread for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed
face,
Beside this corpse, that bears for winding
sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear
anew,
Between the mourners at his head and
feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for you?"

The verse appeared with a drawing titled "Brittania Sympathizes with Columbia" and was a criticism of its own satirical writers who for four years had savagely criticized Lincoln. Punch is said to be the oldest humorous paper now being published.

Punch's Treatment of Lincoln.

In the current number of the Book Buyer is the first of a series of articles upon "LINCOLN in Caricature," the present one dealing with the English treatment of the great war president. The caricatures considered are those which appeared in Punch and are mainly the work of the celebrated cartoonist Sir JOHN TENNIEL. TENNIEL was an artist of considerable repute when he came to the staff of Punch in 1851 and he soon was assigned to the work of putting into pictorial form the serious opinions of that publication. His work in that respect, which has continued to this day, will rank with the best, both from the point of draughtsmanship and incisive idea, which can be found in the whole history of caricature. His drawing is good, although there might be the criticism made upon it that it leans rather too much toward the classical in style, but of the force and direction of his efforts there is but one opinion. Probably no other artist in black and white has ever exercised such an influence upon popular opinion as he.

At the beginning of our civil war Punch, like many other English publications—in fact, the majority of them—leaned decidedly toward the south. They took their cue from the attitude of the southern press and that of the English ministerial party. Following such leads it is little wonder that TENNIEL, like many another cartoonist, was completely wrong in his attitude upon LINCOLN. Being wrong, it is, therefore, natural that his work took on a bitterness which he was far from recognizing at the time and for which, when he did realize, he hastily and handsomely atoned. The twenty cartoons which are reproduced in the article in the Book Buyer, bitter, unjust and even scurrilous,

may now be looked at without passion by us. They are even interesting to the most intense loyalist of the north as showing from what point of view the English looked at our internecine strife. They are interesting as showing how wrong a caricaturist may be and, being wrong, how he can communicate his point of view to those who see his pictures. In this they share the same amusing place filled by Professor FREEMAN's history of this country published during the civil war and which presumed to trace our course "from the discovery of America to the downfall of the union."

Reference has been made to TENNIEL's acknowledgment of his misconception of LINCOLN's character. This did not occur until too late, as so many atonements often are, but it was none the less manly on that account. It forms the last and most impressive of the series of pictures dealing with LINCOLN. It represents Britannia laying a wreath upon the bier of the martyred president, with Columbia and a slave mourning beside him.

It was accompanied by those memorable lines by SHIRLEY BROOKS beginning:

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Brood for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

* * * * *
You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside the corpse that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

